

## Literary Notes.

## "Ruthless Rhymes."

R. H. Russell & Co. of New York are the publishers of a bunch of jingles put into shape by Colonel D. Steamer and weirdly illustrated by John W. Alexander.

These "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes" are painfully original but their entrance into the exclusive nurseries of the land is doubtful. For instance, the Colonel says of "Necessity":

Late last night I slew my wife,  
Stretched her on the parquet flooring;  
I was loath to take her life,  
But I had to stop her snoring.

Another touching thing tells of the last hours of "Aunt Eliza," and a sequel. He says (and perhaps he's right):

In the drinking-well  
(Which the plumber built her)  
Aunt Eliza fell—  
We must buy a filter.

A gleeful strain which will appeal to the local help hunters runs:

Making toast at fireside,  
Nurse fell in the grate and died;  
And, what makes it ten times worse,  
All the toast was burned with nurse.

"Tender-Heartedness" is a striking affair. A little tragedy in two lines, and a tale of heroic self sacrifice. It reads:

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,  
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes;  
Now, although the room grows chilly,  
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.

"Ruthless Rhymes" is a distinct freak hit.

## The Point of View.

Many of the differences among men are due to the of point view from each man's eyes. Some years ago Zinc Barnes with a company of other young men went north from Reno, Nev., prospecting. All were mounted on little mustangs except Zinc, who rode a tall, rangy but lazy mule. Their destination was some unexplored county on the border of Southern Oregon and Northern California.

Arriving there, they were suddenly confronted by a band of hostile Modocks. All turned and fled, but the mule of Zinc's was in no hurry, and was not disposed to be hurried. The horsemen sped away while Zinc frantically called to them to halt, exclaiming that there were but a few Indians which they could easily whip.

At last an arrow aimed at Barnes struck his mule in the rear. The mule at this turned his head and got a sight or scent of the Indians, and then with a great burst of speed rushed away, passing the little mustangs easily. As he sped by, Zinc called out lustily: "Come on, you sons of guns, there's a million of Indians." It was just the difference in Zinc's point of view that caused him to change his mind.

## A Western Army Story.

"The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" by Hamlin Garland. Hammel, 49 W. 2nd S.

## The Valley of Unrest.

FRANK L. STANTON IN ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

## I.

This is the valley of sweet unrest,  
Where we dream the dreams that we love the best,  
'Neath a dying sun in a darkening west;  
And after the dreams  
We wake in pain,  
And pray to God  
To dream again  
In the dim, deep valley of sweet unrest!

## II.

This is the valley of sweet unrest;  
The child, in a dream, seeks the mother's breast,  
And the lips of Love to our lips are pressed.  
And we wake and weep  
That the dreams are vain,  
And cry to God  
To dream again  
In the desolate valley of sweet unrest.

## III.

Alas, for the valley of sweet unrest!  
To live for a dream in the dream unblest—  
The locks of Love by a dream caressed!  
Never the dew  
Of the bloom to drain,  
Famished for sunlight  
And starved for rain,  
With that sigh of eternity—"God knows best!"

## Another Cryptogram.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

A new participant in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy now raging in the English papers has discovered that the real author of the plays attributed to the Bard of Avon was Bernard Shaw. He proves his theory by pointing to the fourth letter from the end of the titles of eleven of Shakespeare's plays,

Mac	B eth
Oth	E llo
Comedy of Er	R ors
Merchant of Ve	N ice
Coriol	A nus
Midsummer Night's D	R eam
Merry Wives of Win	D sor
Measure for Mea	S ure
Much Ado About Not	H ing
Antony and Cleop	A tra
All's Well That Ends	W ell

## A CLEVER TESTIMONIAL.

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P. S.—I have had the ton of coal in question charged to your personal account.

## The Latest.

"Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall" by Chas. Major, author of "When Knighthood was in Flower." Hammel, 49 W. 2nd So.



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